

## **I Just Want You Here Tonight by v\_writings**

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**Summary:**

After a long day with your family on Christmas, you drive towards Jonathan's house to spend the night with him.

## I Just Want You Here Tonight

You hear everyone around you talking happily to each other, and you can't help but let a small laugh escape your lips as you take in the scene before you. Your family has always had big gatherings for the holidays and this year was no exception; even family members that don't live in this town came today so you could all be together.

You shake your head at one of your uncles making a fool of himself before looking down at the watch around your wrist for the hundredth time. A relieved sigh leaves your lips when you see that—after waiting for hours—it's *finally* time for you to leave.

You greet everyone as fast as you can without seeming too desperate to get out of there, and once you're done you grab the bags you prepared hours ago and begin the search for your parents. You find them in the kitchen, and they realize what's happening when they see you with your things in your hands. Your mother walks forward and kisses you on the cheek before hugging you goodbye.

“Don't forget our present for Jonathan.” She warns you with a smile and you shake your head while lifting up your right hand, where you carry their present for him and also your own. “Okay, baby. See you tomorrow.” She hugs you tightly and then your father does the same, and in no time you're already on your car driving towards your boyfriend's house with the biggest smile on your face.

This is going to be the first time you stay the night at his house and *sure*, it will be while you're being supervised by Joyce but you don't care, because this is *huge* and you're incredibly excited about spending the night with him.

You feel like you can't get to his house fast enough, and the moment you finally see it and notice that he's standing outside leaning against a wooden post waiting for you, you feel like you want to scream from happiness. You love him *so much* and he makes you *so happy* that sometimes you just can't believe how lucky you got.

The moment you stop your car you practically fling yourself out of it and run towards Jonathan, who has his arms open for you and

catches you with no problem when you throw yourself at him. You waste no time– you join your lips together immediately and press your bodies as close together as humanly possible, all while burying your fingers on the hair at the back of his neck like you know it drives him completely wild.

“Merry Christmas. I love you like I’ve never loved anyone before.” You say breathlessly in a second where you separate your lips– but you kiss him immediately after, effectively stopping him from saying something to you in response.

His hands move down to the base of your spine and he starts rubbing your back up and down slowly while getting completely lost in you. You can hear his little pleased whimpers as you pull slightly on his hair, making him shudder in pleasure.

“I am so in love with you.” Jonathan says in a whisper when you pull away to breathe, resting his forehead on yours. “You make me so happy.” You smile and rub the tip of your nose with his softly, making him smile too. “Do you want to go inside?” He asks, kissing your cheek before hugging you tightly. You shake your head and wrap your arms around his neck, rubbing the side of your face affectionately against his and pressing your bodies even closer while almost rubbing yourself on him.

“I missed you all day today.” You confess in a whisper, moving your head to the side so you can kiss his cheek. You see him closing his eyes as a small smile curves the corners of his mouth upwards, so you kiss him in the same place again.

“I missed you all day, too.” He says with his eyes still closed, turning his head to the side just enough for you to kiss his mouth again. “It wasn’t dangerous to drive with this snow, right?” He asks, burying his face on your shoulder.

“No, not yet. But later it will be. Which reminds me...” You pull away from him and grin at how his hands reach out for you as you walk away– something he always does when you leave his embrace before he has time to react. You get your things and lock the door, making sure all windows are closed. “Now we can go inside.” You say as he grabs your bag from your hand and nuzzles your cheek for a

second.

“Yes, let’s go.” He agrees, opening the door and moving aside so you can walk in first. You smile and peck his lips before walking in, and he follows right after with a blush on his cheeks that you know is there for a reason that doesn’t involve the low temperature.

You see Joyce the moment you’re inside, and you move to hug her right after setting your present bags on the floor.

“Merry Christmas, Joyce.” You say happily, kissing her cheek.

“Merry Christmas, honey.” She replies, caressing your cheeks. “You drove safely, didn’t you? I heard that the roads weren’t dangerous yet but–”

“It was fine. I’m here, safe and sound.” She nods and you look around, trying to spot the youngest of the Byers. “Where’s Will?” You ask, and just two seconds later he appears and runs towards you with the biggest smile. Joyce moves out of the way just in time for Will to almost tackle you with a hug. You laugh and hug him back just as tightly. “Merry Christmas, Will.” You say when he pulls away, grinning widely.

“Merry Christmas, [Y/N]. Do you have my present?”

“Will!” Both Jonathan and Joyce exclaim, looking at him incredulously.

“She told me she had a present for me!” He says, defending himself. You laugh and ruffle his hair before walking towards your bag.

“It’s true, I told him.” You say, and you see Will crossing his arms and looking at Jonathan and Joyce with a raised eyebrow.

You pull out a box wrapped up on Star Wars paper and you see how Will’s face lights up immediately, and he eagerly removes the gift from your hands. You grin as Jonathan comes up behind you and rests his chin on your shoulder while you find his hands and interlock your fingers together, leaning back into him.

“Oh my God...” Will breathes out as he takes in the contents of the

box. “[Y/N]! These will be out next month!” His face is completely mesmerized as he stares down at the three games you bought for him. “Oh my God...” He whispers again, clutching them to his chest. “Thank you so much.” He says as he looks up at you with the biggest smile you’ve seen on him. “How did you get these? And how did you know I was getting an Atari?” Your eyes widen and you shrug your shoulders, trying to look casual.

“Lucky guess.” You say, waving him off. He doesn’t believe you—obviously— and he has every right not to, because it was Joyce herself who told you what she was getting him. “The dad of my cousin’s boyfriend owns a store and she owed me a favor, so I managed to get them early just for you.” He beams at you at that, and you feel extremely proud of yourself for making him this happy.

“Why don’t you go try them out?” Joyce offers with a smile. “But just a little while, it’s already late.” Will doesn’t need to be told twice; he runs towards you and hugs you tightly— and Jonathan too in the process— while thanking you again before he runs towards the TV to get them working.

You shake your head and turn your head just enough to kiss Jonathan in the cheek before you pull away and reach for your present bag again, this time to get Joyce’s gift.

“Oh no, [Y/N]...” She says with an accusatory look as you hand it to her. “I told you that you didn’t have to get me anything.” You shrug your shoulders and she shakes her head before taking it from your hands and opening it. The moment she sees the black velvet box she gasps and looks at you with a surprised expression on her face. You’re only paying attention to her reaction as she opens the box, which is why you don’t notice Jonathan coming up behind you again until he wraps his hands around your waist and presses you against him.

You see Joyce’s eyes filling with tears as she looks at the necklace you saw a couple of weeks ago when you went shopping together—one that you could see she wanted but, according to her, didn’t deserve. She told you she had other priorities and things to worry about and you knew in that moment that you *had* to get it for her. You bought it the next day, and you had been keeping it in a drawer

in your bedroom since then.

You love this family so much that you felt you had to give them the absolute best presents you could afford– even though you know that whatever they get you will be better because the three of them put much more work and thought into their gifts than you will ever be able to.

“You really didn’t have to...” She says softly, tracing the necklace with her finger delicately. Jonathan lets go of you when Joyce leaves the box on the table and approaches you with open arms, and you move to hug her as tightly as you can.

“I did, because you deserve it.” You whisper honestly, and Joyce snuffles and nods before whispering a *‘thank you’* and pulling away.

“Oh! This reminds me...” She says with a smile as she dries her tears. She walks towards the tree and gets a flat wrapped package that you know *has* to be a record. You grab it excitedly and tear the paper apart, but it almost falls from your hands when you see what it is.

It’s a copy of *The Dark Side of The Moon*– which you already have– but this is no regular copy of the album. Right there in the middle– in big, bright white letters– is Roger Waters’ signature.

You feel your hands shaking and your eyes burning but you can’t move, you can’t speak, you can’t do anything because you can’t believe what you have in your hands.

And it’s all thanks to Joyce.

You look up and blink repeatedly, and you feel two fat tears rolling down your cheeks.

“Joyce...” You say in a hoarse voice. “How–” She shakes her head and smiles before shrugging her shoulders.

“You’re not the only one with a cousin who owed her a favor.” You laugh and snuffle before hugging her again, being careful to not do anything to your new record– your new *treasure*.

“Thank you so much, Joyce.” You say, wiping your tears. Before she

can say that you're welcome, Will stands up and runs towards his room while yelling at you.

"I have something too!" He says, reappearing only seconds later with a flat present wrapped on bright pink paper. "I made it for you." You look at Jonathan and Joyce with raised eyebrows but they only look at each other with complicit smiles, so you roll your eyes and open what he gave you.

*"The tales of [Y/N]: Warrior of the Nine Realms."* It takes a second for your mind to process that the comic book you hold in your hands was made entirely by Will, because it's so carefully inked that you didn't notice at first. "Will..." You say, mouth hanging open as you skim through many pages of fully colored panels. "You made this for me?" He nods and looks at you like he's waiting for your reaction, so you pull him into a hug and lean down to kiss the top of his head. "Thank you so much, I love it." He looks up at you with a bright smile and you smile back before ruffling his hair and looking through the comic book again. "Your drawings are so good..." You say absent-mindedly, reading through the first dialogues.

"You're welcome." Will says with his face a little redder than usual before going back to his game.

"I love him so much." You whisper to Jonathan once Will is out of earshot and he snickers before rolling his eyes and pressing a kiss to your cheek.

"Aren't you going to give your presents to each other?" Joyce asks as you walk towards the kitchen.

"No, we'll give them to each other later, when we're alone." Jonathan says with a smile as he pulls out a chair for you, and you kiss his cheek before sitting down.

However, when you look at Joyce again you see her staring at you both with an incredulous look on her face.

"What's wrong, mom?" Jonathan asks, sitting on the chair right next to yours.

“You’ll give each other your present later when you’re alone in *your room*?” She asks, eyes wide and eyebrows raised. You frown at her tone for a moment before realization hits you like a ton of bricks, and your mouth falls open in surprise.

“It’s not *that*! Oh my God, *it’s not that*!” You feel your face heating up from embarrassment and your heartbeat pounding faster against your ribcage. “My present is on the bag I brought, oh God.” Joyce visibly relaxes at that and Jonathan does nothing except alternating between looking at you and his mother with a very confused expression.

“What are you talking about?” He asks, and you press your palm on his cheek before shaking your head.

“I’ll tell you later, okay?” He narrows his eyes in suspicion but nods anyway, bringing his chair closer to yours until he can rest his head on your shoulder comfortably.

“So, [Y/N], how was your Christmas?”

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As he stares at himself in the mirror while brushing his teeth, Jonathan can’t help but let his mind wander off to his favorite train of thought: anything that involves you. He can’t do anything but smile when he thinks about you right now, sitting on his bed with your pajamas on while waiting for him so you can give him his present and he can give you yours.

He has every intention to go straight to you once he turns the lights of the bathroom off, but on his way there he is called by Joyce to *her* room, and he’s pretty sure he knows the reason why– which also means he’s really dreading this conversation. He just *knows* he has to do with the question she asked earlier– the question you had to explain to him.

Joyce closes the door once he’s inside and crosses her arms before giving him a knowing look, and Jonathan feels the blush creeping up his neck until his whole face feels like it’s on fire.

“That’s answer enough.” Joyce says, gesturing in the general direction of his face. “Jonathan, we already had *the talk*–”



“Mom, *no*.” He groans, closing his eyes tightly and shaking his head. “We’re not doing anything.”

“Well, I would hope so– her parents trust me to keep an eye on you both.”

“Mom, we’re not doing anything. *I promise*.” He swears in a slightly exasperated whisper– wanting nothing more to run away from there into the safety of your arms, where you’ll protect him from any further embarrassment.

“Okay, okay.” Joyce says, lifting her hands up in surrender. “Go on now, and you better not be sleeping on your bed tonight.”

“*Of course not*, mom. Goodnight.” He exits the room before she can say anything else and practically runs towards his, and he doesn’t even take the time to look at you when he opens his door because he’s already closing it and locking it.

The relief is immediate.

“What happened, baby?” You ask with a laugh, and he turns around to find you sitting cross-legged on his bed, reading the comic Will made for you. He looks at the makeshift bed that remains untouched by the foot of his, and he reminds himself to make it look like he *actually slept there* tomorrow morning.

“It doesn’t matter.” He reassures you, not wanting to relieve that conversation after so little time. “How’s the story? Will wouldn’t let me read it while he was making it for you.” He walks towards the bed and sits down slightly behind you, so he can rest his chin on your shoulder and read with you.

“It’s amazing.” You say with a smile, opening it up in the first page again. “[Y/N] has a quest to save a prince she loves who goes by the name of *Jonas*.”

“Subtle.” Jonathan says sarcastically, and you laugh and nod in agreement.

“She has to save him before midnight or the trolls will eat him alive. It’s pretty intense, actually.” You say, leaving it on his bedside table

before leaning back into the mattress and pulling him on top of you.

“Does she save him in the end?” He asks, lifting himself up above you with his hands. You move a strand of hair behind his hair slowly and give him that beautiful, content smile he *knows* you save *just for him*.

“She does.” You answer, pulling his face down to kiss him slowly, reverently– and he just lets himself drop down on top of you because there is no way his arms can remain strong enough to keep him up when you make him feel like this. You pull on his thighs until he’s straddling you– all without separating your lips from his– and Jonathan simply can’t keep the whimpers at bay anymore.

“That’s– it makes sense.” He manages to say when you move your mouth to kiss and lick his neck.

“What does?” You ask, wrapping your arms around his back to hold him closer to you.

“Her saving him in the end.” He says, burying his face on your shoulder as you run your nails down his back softly like you know he loves.

“Yeah? And why is that?” You ask– and he can hear the slightly teasing tone in your voice. That makes him smile against your warm skin.

“Because *you* saved *me* in the end.” He clarifies, making sure you can hear the honesty in his voice. He stands by this– because he doesn’t know what would have been of him if you hadn’t been by his side a month ago while everything went to hell.

“Look at me.” You say seriously, and he immediately lifts his head up to meet your eyes, only to find them glazed over with tears.

“I’m sorry.” He apologizes immediately, because the last thing he wanted to achieve by saying that was to make you cry.

“You have *nothing* to be sorry for, baby.” You say in a hoarse whisper, smiling softly. “You make me so happy.” He feels a sudden warmth on his lower abdomen at the sincerity of your words and he can’t do anything but kiss you– because the truth is that he needs your kisses

and caresses more than he's ever needed anything in his life. "I love you so much". You groan against his lips, burying your fingers on his hair so wonderfully that a needy whimper escapes his mouth before he can do anything to stop it. "You like that? Me pulling on your hair?" You ask softly, scratching his scalp to relax him. You already know he does, but he loves this game too much to not answer you.

"I l- I love it." He stutters, shuddering in pleasure.

"Did you know that you are my absolute weakness, Jonathan Byers?" You ask against his lips in a whisper.

"I am?" He asks in a slightly teasing tone, biting his lip to try and control the smile that wants to take over his face.

"Yes. You make me weak on the knees and everything." You say right before you close the distance between your faces and grasp his bottom lip between your teeth, pulling softly enough to make his senses go overdrive.

He's completely turned on by now- his own hardness against his thigh his proof of that- and if the fiery look in your eyes is anything to go by, you are just as turned on as he is. But to tell the truth, you both know that this isn't the right place to do anything besides what you've already been doing- and also neither of you feels completely ready to take that step yet. So you'll wait, and in the meantime you'll have these kind of heavy make out sessions that leave him feeling like he was just run over by a truck while at the same time make him feel blissful and completely at peace.

"I love you." Jonathan mumbles against your lips. "You are my absolute weakness, too. Do what you want with me, I'm yours." He says while you pull on his hair again, making him finish the sentence in a low groan of pleasure.

Your back arches upwards at his words, and you let out a soft hum he recognizes as a sound of approval. He feels really proud of himself for eliciting that sound from you, and his heart swells in adoration for you and because of the fact that he is the luckiest man in the planet for having managed to get you to be in love with him.

Sometimes he can't truly believe that you *are* with him– that you love him as much as you do. And you *really* love him– he can't question that. You have a special look on your eyes whenever you look at him that can't be mistaken by anything besides pure, unadulterated love; he knows it because he has the same look on his eyes whenever he does so much as think about you.

“Jonathan, God– you're perfect.” You praise, making him feel *wonderful* and *wanted* and *loved* and *ecstatic*. You kiss him one last time before pushing him away for you just enough for him to realize you want him to lie on his back. “It's present time!” You whisper-scream with a smile as you jump off his bed and go get your bag, while still making sure you're being quiet enough to not be heard by anyone but him. “Also, you're really hard– so I'll let you cool off.” You say nonchalantly, raising your eyebrows at the outline of his dick on his pajamas.

He blushes furiously at that but resists the urge to cover himself up with his hands, because he knows how much you like to see him like this. It was much more embarrassing for him earlier in your relationship, but as time passes he has been feeling more and more comfortable about doing this kind of things with you.

“I go first.” You say, walking up to the bed again with a box wrapped up neatly in your hands and another smaller bag hanging from your arm. You kneel right next to him and hand him his present, which he accepts eagerly.

“What's on the other bag?” He asks as he starts to unwrap the box carefully.

“My parents' present for you.” You gasp and hit your forehead softly, like you realized something. “Oh my God, I forgot to tell you. They hung up your picture over the fireplace two seconds after I gave it to them. They loved it. They bragged about it all night, saying that it was taken by my boyfriend who is an artist.” Jonathan stops unwrapping his present because he gets *so embarrassed* that it feels like his entire body is blushing– but he also feels pride mixed up with it, because he really loves the picture he took of you with your family the last time you invited him over for dinner. You were talking to each other and laughing– and he managed to capture the essence of

the moment in one single image so perfectly that it will be forever one of his favorite shots.

“I’m happy they liked it.” He says, finally getting the wrapping paper off of his gift. “[Y/N].” He breathes out, staring down at the brand new Polaroid camera in his hands. “How did– when– why–” He traces the box with his hands and looks up at you incredulously, only to find you staring at him with the biggest smile on your face. Of course you’re excited– you know how much he wanted this camera and there’s no other thing for him to feel right now other than happiness.

“This one now.” You say, practically throwing your parents’ gift on his face. It’s not wrapped– it’s in a paper bag with a bow instead– which makes it quicker for him to know what it is.

It’s film for the camera you just gave him– and *a lot* of it.

“Oh my God...” Jonathan says right before a small laugh escapes his lips. “This is– this is incredible.” He falls back on the mattress and laughs, because he has wanted this camera for such a long time without being able to actually get it and now it’s on his hands thanks to you. “Thank you so much. I love you.” He whispers and then bites his lip, his mind wandering off to everything he feels for you and how happy you always make him. You move to snuggle to his side and start kissing him all over his face, which makes him giggle and you too in return.

“I love you too.” You say when your lips finally reach his. He smiles into the kiss before pulling away and leaving his presents in the middle of the mattress so he can reach under his bed to get his own present for you. You are practically trembling with excitement when he hands it to you, but he can’t help but feel a little self-conscious about the fact that it was mostly made by him.

He *really* hopes you like it.

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You honestly want to tear the paper apart but Jonathan did such a good job at wrapping your present that it feels almost *wrong* for you to do so. It’s a heavy, rectangular thing, and as you carefully peel off

the tape on one end you let your mind go wild while imagining what could possibly be inside.

You shouldn't be surprised to find yourself holding a photo album considering photography is Jonathan's passion in life– but you are. This album is *huge*, which means there are *a lot* of pictures inside. You want to open it desperately but at the same time you don't, because Jonathan is well known for giving you the most thoughtful presents you've ever received and you're sure this will be no exception. You look at him and find him staring at you expectantly, so you smile widely and move his new camera further away so you have more space for you both on the bed.

"Sit back and spread your legs, I'm sitting there." You say, holding the album to your chest as you wait for Jonathan to do as told. He wastes no time and just seconds later you're leaning back into his chest while his arms wrap around your waist and his chin rests on your shoulder.

You take a deep breath and finally open it, and the first thing you see is a page completely blank except for a couple of lines in Jonathan's handwriting at the bottom corner.

*I want more than anything for you to know everything you make me feel, and I hope this does a good job at that. I love you more than anything.*  
*Jonathan*

You feel the tears coming already and you haven't seen *anything* yet, so you don't know what will be of you when you see what's actually inside. You feel Jonathan nuzzling your cheek and pressing soft kisses to your skin, and that gives you the little push you need to finally turn over the page.

On the left there is a picture of you he took months ago, not too long after you started dating. You are lying on the grass with your arms spread wide and a happy smile on your face, because it was cold and the sun on your skin felt amazing.

On the right there is another handwritten piece, right in the middle.

*This was the moment I realized I was in love with you and that I was*

*completely yours.*

*That moment was the first time I realized you meant home.*

You gasp and turn to him with tear-filled eyes, only to find him looking at you with such an intense look that you almost feel a magnetic pull that makes you join your lips together in an intense, messy kiss.

“I knew I was in love with you before that.” You confess, wondering why you haven’t talked about this before. “It was when you fell asleep on my lap while we were studying. I knew I’d never felt the way I felt about you for anyone else.” He closes his eyes tightly and presses his nose to your cheek, while his arms tighten around your waist and a little whimper escapes his lips.

You focus on the album again and turn to the next pages, where the display is the same except that the picture and the inscription have changed.

This time is a picture of you and him together, kissing. You can see both of your tongues joining together and you remember this was the first picture you took with him after you decided you wanted to start taking more *personal* pictures together. You had intended it to take it while your lips were joined together with your mouths closed, but this had been the end result instead and you were both *really* pleased by it.

*This was the first time I dared to take such an intimate picture with another person, and even though I have looked at it a thousand times already it still makes me feel just like the first time we saw it develop together. You taught me how much a kiss can mean when you’re with someone you love as much as I love you. Thank you.*

You know what he means about what that picture makes him feel– it turns him on. He had been in an absolute daze the first time he saw it with you in the developing room, and you had to help him calm down because getting turned on in the school wasn’t a good idea.

“Do you touch yourself while looking at this picture?” You ask, slightly out of breath. The intimacy of the moment you’re sharing right now with Jonathan feels almost suffocating– but it’s a

wonderful kind of overwhelming. He doesn't speak to answer you—instead he just nuzzles deeper into you and nods, while you start to feel something stiffening against your lower back. “Do you do it very often?” You press, and he once again nods against you but this time is accompanied by the softest whine you've heard from him. “Good.” You say seriously, and he whimpers and pulls you closer to him—holding you even tighter.

Everything about this feels incredible.

You move onto the next page and you can't help but smile, because this is the picture he has on his bedside table. You were taking a nap and Jonathan decided that you had never looked more adorable so he snapped a picture of you, even though you still can't completely understand what he likes so much about it.

*I know you don't see what I love about this one but it's one of my favorite pictures I've taken, ever. This was the first time you fell asleep while I was still awake. Every time you do that I feel like the luckiest person for having the privilege of seeing you like that. When I see you sleep, I fall in love with you all over again.*

“Jonathan, I'm going to pass out before I finish this. It's the most beautiful present someone has ever given me.” You say with absolute sincerity, drying your tears and sniffing softly. He smiles at that and you can see a glint of pride on his eyes. “Thank you so much, baby.” You whisper just before smashing your lips into his.

“You really like it?” He asks, moving one hand to your face to caress your cheek while you kiss. You nod and thrust your tongue inside his mouth, smiling when he gasps and a needy groan leaves his mouth.

“I love it, Jonathan. I can't believe how lucky I am to have you in my life.” He shakes his head and you bite his lip in retaliation, making him shudder in pleasure.

“I'm the lucky one.” He argues. “I'm the one who gets to be yours.”

“Well...” You say, pulling away from him to turn onto the next page. “I'm the one who gets to be yours, too.”



A pair of greedy hands take the album away from you and the next thing you know, you're being turned around and Jonathan is wrapping your legs around his waist before burying his face on your chest and circling his arms around your waist. You wrap your own around his shoulders and bury your hands on his hair, scratching his scalp slowly like he loves so much.

"There is a side of you that only comes out when you feel *extremely* needy, did you know that?" You ask teasingly, grabbing his head to make him look up at you. He's panting slightly, and there's the dazed look on his eyes he gets whenever he really, *really* craves physical affection.

"I need– I need you to kiss me." He breathes out in a whisper, swallowing visibly. "And... *bite me.*" He adds a couple of seconds later, sounding almost as if he isn't sure if he should tell you that or not.

"Bite you where?" You ask in the same tone, rubbing your nose against his before licking his lips slowly. His own tongue grazes yours as you play with his mouth, and his whole body trembles with pent up desire.

*"Everywhere."*

This is when he looks more beautiful than ever– when he's a needy *mess* and you're clinging to each other with no intention of letting go any time soon.

This is *perfect*.

"I will kiss you and bite you... but first I have something to say. It's really important– I don't think you know about it." You whisper, feigning seriousness. He sees right through you and you notice the corners of his mouth lifting up in a barely restrained smile.

"Yeah? What is it?" He asks, sliding his hands underneath your t-shirt to rub your back.

*"I love you, Jonathan Byers."* He rolls his eyes and throws his head back as a laugh escapes his lips, and you giggle before he moves to

close the distance between your mouths again– only stopping right when his lips are just barely grazing yours.

There is a content smile adorning his face when he finally replies to you.

“I love you too, [Y/N].”